



MAGAZINE

PRICE TWOPENCE

JULY 1955



The *I.C.I. Magazine* is published for the interest of all who work in I.C.I., and its contents are contributed largely by people in I.C.I. It is edited by Richard Keane and printed at The Kynoch Press, Birmingham, and is published every month by Imperial Chemical Industries Limited, Imperial Chemical House, Millbank, London, S.W.1. Telephone: VICTORIA 4444. The editor is glad to consider articles for publication, and payment will be made for those accepted.

CONTENTS

The Road to Prosperity, by Sir Ewart Smith	194
One Man and His Job—Middle Floorman	198
Information Notes No. 111	200
Garden Notes, by Philip Harvey	204
Inn Signs, by J. L. Mayhook	206
Kentish Cricket, by J. W. Nicholls	210
I.C.I. News	213
Reductio ad Absurdum, by A. S. Irvine	221

FRONT COVER: High Street, Stony Stratford. The two principal inns of Stony Stratford are The Cock and The Bull, whose signs are visible in this photograph, and from them is derived the expression "cock and bull story."

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

SIR EWART SMITH is a Deputy Chairman of I.C.I. and Chairman of the British Productivity Council. After holding a variety of posts in the Research, Production and Design Departments he became Chief Engineer of Billingham Works in 1932. In 1942 he was seconded to the Ministry of Supply, and for the next three years he was Chief Engineer and Superintendent of Armament Design. He returned to I.C.I. in 1945, when he became Technical Director.

J. L. MAYHOOK works on research in the Metallurgical Section of the Widnes Laboratory, General Chemicals Division.

J. W. NICHOLLS was head of Production Department at Yalding Works (Plant Protection) for over 35 years. He retired in 1954.

A. S. IRVINE is head of the Alkali Division Information Service.

The Road to Prosperity

By Sir Ewart Smith

I.C.I. have something to be proud of. In nine years they have doubled the volume of production with only 17% more employees. This tremendous increase in productivity points the way to greater prosperity in Britain. Here a Deputy Chairman of I.C.I. analyses the reasons which have made this success possible.

THE 1954 volume of production was approximately double that of 1946, although the total number of employees rose only by 17% over that period."

This brief sentence in the I.C.I. Annual Report for 1954 records a remarkable achievement. If every industry and all the public services in the country could show a similar success the post-war improvement in our standard of living would have been increased several times over. One does not have to be an economist to know that the total volume of production of goods and services by the 23 million people at work in this country is what actually controls how high that standard shall be.

How has I.C.I. been able to make this great contribution to national prosperity? Before I answer this question I should like just to sketch the general industrial background against which our own efforts must be judged.

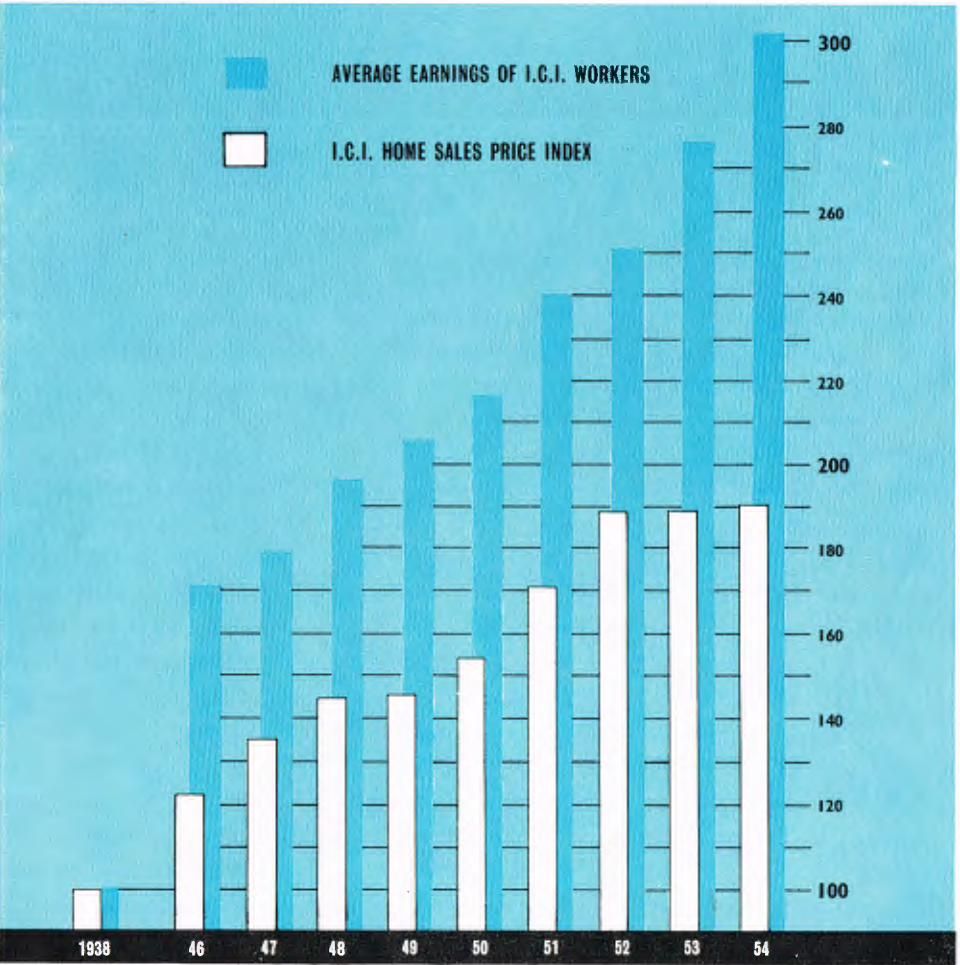
Such a survey is encouraging. Look at the graph of wages and prices on page 196. Last year earnings rose by 7%, but the cost of living rose less fast—it increased, in fact, by only 2%; and the difference between these figures—a difference which is accounted for by more goods and services being made available to the community—indicates the rise in purchasing power and hence our standard of living. If incomes had been pushed up without a counterbalancing rise in production, then the old trouble, too much paper money chasing too few goods, would have been with us again. In fact, as a nation, we should have been worse off, because each pound would have bought less, savings would have dropped in value and exports would have been more difficult.

But some other background figures are equally important. These refer to the average output per man-year, which in fact determines the actual size of the national cake. For industry as a whole, output per man-year was, in 1954, 4½% higher than in 1953. The chemical industry led this advance with an increase of 8%, and I.C.I.'s contribution was higher still. It will be noted that, on the average, the purchasing power of weekly earnings in industry rose by just about the same proportion as the output per man—a striking illustration of how one is very much a consequence of the other.

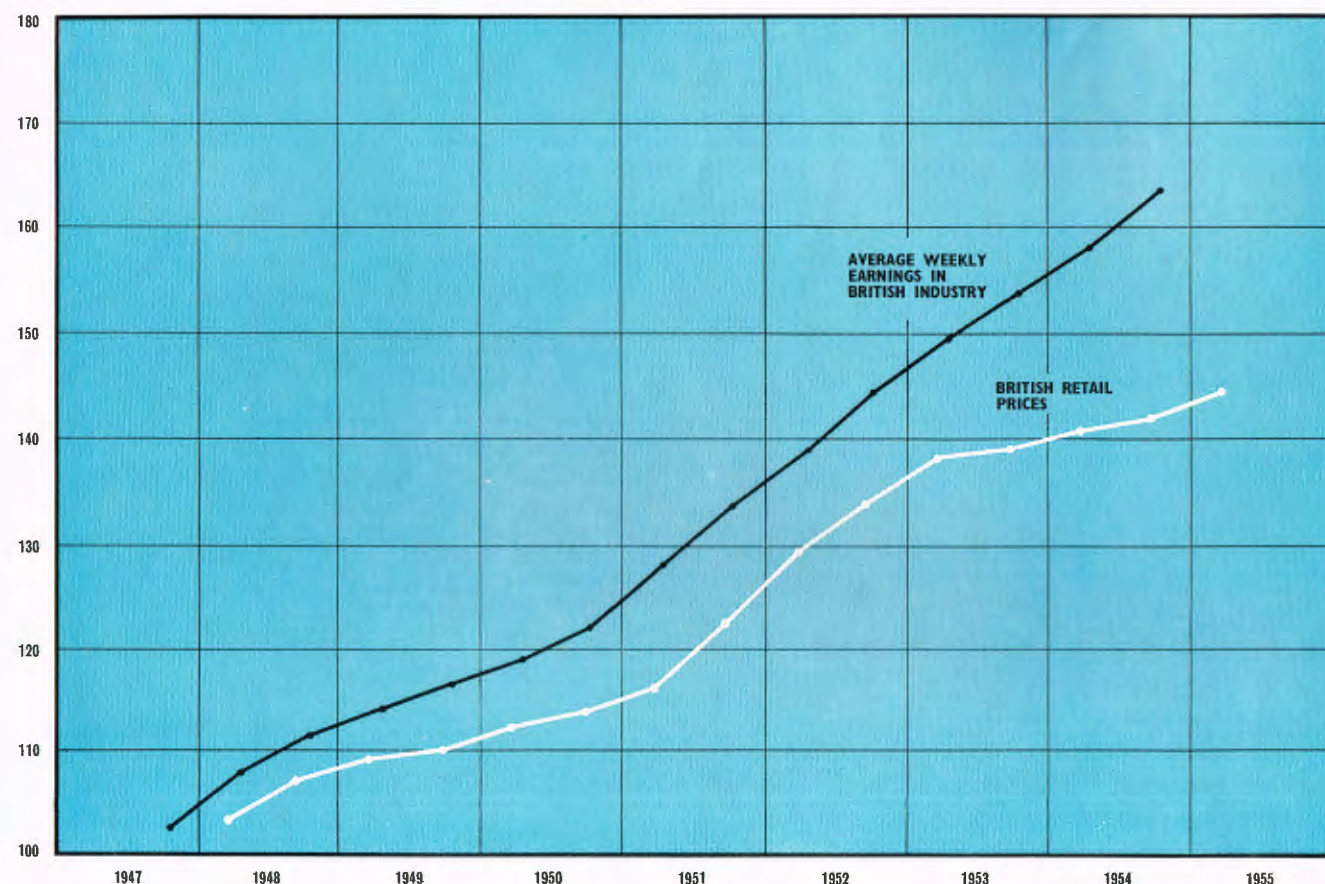
Against this background let us now see how we in the Company have managed to double production in nine years with only 17% more people employed. The reasons may be grouped under three headings—not necessarily in order of importance—and we will consider each in turn.

1. Technical advance.
2. The use of more capital in the form of new or rebuilt plants.
3. Better use of existing resources as a result of better managerial techniques and more effective work.

Technical advance comes mainly from the huge effort which we put into research and development, for which the bill is now over £8m. a year. Broadly speaking, this effort has two aims, (a) to improve existing processes and (b) to discover and develop new products and processes. A recent analysis showed that no less than 90% of the programmes of the first type are successful in whole or in part and lead to improvements of plant operation. Under (b) the proportion of successes is about 25%, but the results of a major development such as polythene, 'Terylene' or paludrine can be very far-reaching indeed.



WHAT HIGHER PRODUCTIVITY CAN ACHIEVE. This graph shows how I.C.I. workers have increased their earnings at the same time as I.C.I. Home Sales Price Index has been kept at the remarkably low figure of 191. This contrasts with the British Wholesale Price Index of 325.



INCREASED PROSPERITY IS INDICATED by this graph. Prices have risen less fast than wages, which means that the purchasing-power of the wage-earning community has increased.

But research is only the first step in technical advance; the knowledge derived from research has to be developed and applied by good design before plants can be altered or new ones built. Recent developments include the systematic application of Work Study principles, and the use of models in the technical work of design. The result should be plants which are cheaper to build and which are more efficient and more convenient to operate. It is better to eliminate mistakes with a rubber on the drawing board than with a concrete breaker or acetylene torch on the plant.

Then, too, we are making good progress with instrumentation and automatic controls. Electronic developments have given us radio and television at home, and the new electronic and other instruments now coming along are already a big factor in raising industrial efficiency. Good instrumentation and automatic control often enable the machine or the process to work within closer limits or at higher speed than with hand control. The more we can get machines to reduce heavy manual labour or operations requiring

constant attention, the more freedom we can have. It should not be forgotten that less than forty years have passed since an 84-hour week on shift work was common in industry; and it is only twenty years since I.C.I. shift workers' weekly hours were reduced from 56 to 48. Now their average is 42 hours per week and they have altogether higher material standards of living, as well as more leisure, than their predecessors.

The second big factor in I.C.I.'s rise in productivity is the increased capital employed. Since the war we have spent some £200m. in replacing plants and building new ones. Part of this money has been obtained by the issue of new shares and loan stock, but a large proportion has come from the sums set aside for obsolescence and by ploughing back profits. A further programme of £70m. of new capital expenditure has already been sanctioned—in fact, we are spending at a steady rate of about £35m. a year.

Wilton, which has cost some £50m. to date, is the most spectacular of our post-war projects. It has hit the headlines, but is actually only one-quarter of the total. Nobel Division, for instance, has had no part

in Wilton, but has spent £11m. of new capital since the war. General Chemicals Division has a large chlorine plant on the Wilton site, but has spent £26m. at its other factories. In every Division it is the same story—expansion of existing plant and the erection of new plant to meet the increased demands of rising production at home and to capture new markets abroad.

But spending alone is not enough; for success it is wise use of capital that counts. By and large, I think we in I.C.I. can claim to have spent pretty well. This is not to say that mistakes have not been made—of course they have. No body of men, however experienced and careful, can always be right in face of changing conditions, but there has been reasoned calculation and expert skill behind every project.

Now for the last of my three factors—improved managerial techniques and more effective work at every level.

Looking back over the years I believe there has been a very real improvement in management, and certainly there is now an appreciation of its importance and responsibilities as never before. It is sometimes not realised how complex and difficult management can be and what combinations of professional knowledge, organising ability and leadership are required for real success. It is for this reason that we are taking more and more care in selecting and training the best available people for managerial work of every kind.

For the same reason, too, we are developing and using techniques such as Work Study. This aims first at helping managers to manage better by systematically finding the facts and methodically seeking means of improvement, so that any necessary changes can be made with full regard to all the technical and human factors involved.

In referring to management I do not mean only top management—although I hope that too is progressing—but management at every level. After all, any man whose job gives scope for initiative and control over his work is to that extent the manager of his own job—even if working single-handed. He can, if he will, do it with energy and interest and take pride in the result. It is to be hoped that his supervisors will appreciate his efforts and that they are themselves setting an example, which is the essence of leadership.

In I.C.I. generally we have, I think, accepted the idea of continuous progress as the only worth-while aim. It can at times be uncomfortable to us as indi-

viduals if we have to change our attitudes, methods, or even our jobs. But it can give our work real meaning and interest as nothing else can. It is certainly the only way we can make Britain truly strong in a changing and competitive world and provide the higher living standards that we all desire.

Those of you who have read this far may well ask what use the Company has made of the benefits resulting from these giant strides in productivity. It is a fair question to which a clear and honest answer can be returned: the three effective partners in the operation of I.C.I.—our customers, employees and stockholders—have all shared in this advance. Our Chairman has made it plain that it is the policy of the Board to run the Company not only in accord with legal obligations but also in the joint interests of each of these partners.

First, in spite of heavy inflation, we have done much to keep prices down, and the major benefit has gone to our customers and through them to the nation at large. Thus:

	1938	1954
Index of cost to I.C.I. of raw materials, etc.	100	372
Board of Trade Wholesale Price Index	100	325
I.C.I. Home Sales Price Index	100	191

Next, for our employees, the average total remuneration has risen to almost exactly three times what it was in 1938, without taking any account of the profit-sharing bonus. This must be set against a rise in living costs to two and one-third times its former level.

Thirdly, for the stockholders—and let us remember that there are nearly a quarter-million of them—there has been an increase in ordinary dividends to two and a half times the pre-war level, giving an average net dividend of about £43.

The prosperity and progress of I.C.I. is tied up with that of the country as a whole. Given reasonable economic stability in the international field and freedom from serious industrial disturbance at home, there is no reason why national productivity should not continue to rise at a rapid rate. Our standard of living can be doubled in the next twenty-five years, but only if everyone understands what is at stake and is prepared to play his or her part in the drive for progress.

MIDDLE FLOORMAN

ARTHUR BEARDSHAW was standing beside a huge vat. The top was at the height of his waist and the rest of it below floor level. Inside, a paddle revolved slowly, stirring a dark-purple liquid—there must have been 2000 gallons of it.

He dipped a glass rod into the liquid and withdrew a small quantity. In his other hand he held a sheet of white paper.

"Now watch this," said Arthur in rich Yorkshire. "We call this the paper test."

He allowed a drop of the liquid to fall on the blotting paper. It spread out, leaving a dark purple ring in the middle and a lighter purple one outside it.

"Not ready," said Arthur. "That outer ring should be white. It'll need a couple of hours yet," and he moved away to look at a temperature recorder.

As middle floorman of the Magenta Shed of Dyestuffs Division's Huddersfield Works Arthur is responsible for some twenty vats in which many of the stages in the making of magenta take place. He is constantly checking and re-checking the vats, noting times and temperatures, and any lack of vigilance on his part could lead to a batch of expensive material being spoiled. It mystified me how he knew when and where to do what, in this jungle of pipes and vessels on the middle floor. When I asked him, Arthur showed me a thick folder of operating instructions which set out step by step the complex ritual of making magenta; but with eight years' experience behind him he knows the instructions almost by heart.

Magenta was one of the first synthetic coal-tar dyestuffs to be discovered, and ever since its discovery nearly a hundred years ago it has sold well and steadily in a number of forms.

"What is it used for?" I asked.

"Well," said the chemist who was showing me round, "it might be easier to say what it isn't used for. It's comparatively cheap, and it finds its way all over the world, from the bazaars of Baghdad to the kraals of African tribesmen, who are using it to dye home-made raffia goods. It dyes cotton, silk, rayon, wool, leather, paper and jute. And there is a derivative of

magenta in the ink you are using to make notes with now."

Ink Blue, it turned out, was being made in the vat where Arthur had carried out the paper test. At this stage, however, it was not blue, nor was it called magenta, but by the jaw-breaking name of pararosanine.

"How do you make it?" I asked.

"We condense certain materials in a pan, and then oxidise the mixture," replied the chemist. "That's called themelt—you can see that going on over there." He pointed to a pan. "Then we blow the melt into these extraction vats, dissolve out the colour . . ."

"Where does the paper test come in?"

"I'm just coming to that. We dissolve out the colour and then neutralise the liquor with caustic soda. Arthur does the paper test to see if all the colour has been precipitated by the caustic soda."

A spray over the vat, he explained, showered caustic soda solution into the liquor. After six or seven hours this had the effect of precipitating the colour, so that millions of solid particles were suspended in liquid.

"Should be ready now," said Arthur, reaching for his glass rod. This time, when he let a drop of liquid from the vat fall on his paper, a dark purple blob appeared. Around it spread a ring of colourless liquid, showing that the process of precipitation was complete.

Arthur made ready to send the pararosanine on the last stage of its journey, to the floor above. There it would be filtered and purified, washed and dried. But it would now be brown rather than purple, and another two processes would be necessary before it achieved the colour the inkmakers want. After the second process it is known as 'Methasol' blue.

The sad thing about Arthur's work is that, in a manner of speaking, it all ends in nothing. Magenta is a fugitive dye, which means that it will fade when exposed to light over a certain length of time. This presents no difficulty for the inkmakers, however, for they use Ink Blue only to give ink a blue colour while it is being used. By the time the dye fades, other ingredients of the ink have taken its place as a permanent colour.

M.J.D.

Arthur Beardshaw



Information Notes

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

The Company's Annual General Meeting was held in London on 16th June. The Chairman, Dr. Fleck, surveyed the Company's activities over the past year and some of the more significant passages of his speech are printed below.

After referring to the changes in the composition of the Board of Directors which had taken place since the last meeting, the Chairman went on to speak about I.C.I.'s sales and price policy in the following terms:

Between 1953 and 1954 the Company's price index for home sales has moved up by one point only, and the increase in the value of our home sales during this period is therefore almost entirely due to increase in volume. The consequential increase in profit for 1954 is also attributable to increase in volume, coupled with improvements in efficiency due to Work Study and other factors.

The Company will continue this price policy and will aim not only at absorbing increased costs but, wherever practicable, at seeing that reductions in costs resulting from improved methods and greater efficiency are reflected in lower prices to its customers.

Let me emphasise, however, that the price indices I have quoted are averages, and that it may not be possible in all cases to avoid an increase in price; in fact, I am sure that some re-adjustments upwards in some of our products will almost be inevitable. This is particularly so where raw materials, fuel and freight represent a large proportion of total costs.

We are glad to play our part with others, first of all in striving after methods of increasing productivity and then of passing on the results of such efforts. Contributions of this nature will, we hope, come from all branches of British Industry. It is by such contributions, widespread as they should be, that each one of us must earnestly hope that effective action will soon be taken to prevent the inflation which is threatening to erode our material standards.

At £67½m. the Company's exports were a record and showed an increase of 16% over the previous year. This increase in the value of exports represents a still greater rise in the volume of exports.

I regard this high export figure as a particularly significant feature of the year's trading, because it has been achieved in the face of keen competition from other major

chemical producing countries and in spite of the strong demand for our products from the home market. Indeed, if indirect exports were included, it would be seen that more than 40% of the Company's production now goes abroad.

Turning to profits and appropriations, the Chairman continued:

As you will see from the accounts, the Company's net income after taxation amounted to approximately £21¾m. This figure is arrived at after deducting £2,650,000 for the Employees' Profit-Sharing Bonus.

You will have noticed that the manufacturing and trading profit is arrived at after charging the sum of £16½m. for depreciation which is £5m. more than the figure charged in the 1953 accounts.

This increased charge is partly accounted for by our having reviewed and reduced our estimates of the working lives of many of the producing units in the home manufacturing Divisions; such a course is particularly desirable in those new and rapidly changing fields of chemistry where technological advances make it necessary for us increasingly to acknowledge that plants may end their economic lives whilst still capable of high production.

Dealing with the dividend, the Chairman said:

I need hardly point out that the 10% total dividend for 1954 on the Ordinary Stock is payable on the full amount of Ordinary Stock issued, including the scrip issue of last year, and should be compared with a total dividend of 7½% for the previous year on the Ordinary Stock because the total dividend of 15% for 1953 was paid on the issued Ordinary capital before it was doubled by the scrip issue.

It is worthy of note that the net I.C.I. Ordinary dividend, requiring just under £8m., represents rather less than 37% of the net income of the year, £21¾m. Further-

more, this Ordinary dividend, requiring £14m. before deduction of income tax, represents a return of 4·8% gross on an employed capital of £295m., which according to the Company's balance sheet is the employed capital belonging to the Ordinary stockholders.

Dealing with the Company's training schemes, the Chairman said:

You will have read in the Annual Report of the efforts which the Company is making to improve efficiency, in all ranks and in all types of work, in our offices as well as in our factories; and as one example, I should like here to make special mention of the residential training centre which we have recently opened at Warren House on Kingston Hill in Surrey.

We intend to bring together in this training centre many of the educational and other study courses for staff which the Company has developed since the war, and to extend them still further. This new centre, with its residential facilities, will give greater opportunities for closer contacts between senior executives and other employees in the Company's service. The Board are particularly concerned with the training of those on whom the responsibilities of higher management may one day be expected to fall, for without imaginative management in the board-rooms as well as efficient management in the factories, no business can prosper continuously.

Concerning the expansion of the Company's activities, the Chairman said:

And now may I turn to some aspects of our technical activities? Our developments for the manufacture of new products or the increased supply of existing materials are so numerous and so spread amongst different Divisions of the Company that in the short time available I can only refer to a few of these which I think are of outstanding importance.

The first is titanium. The experience of our General Chemicals Division in heavy chemical technology has been effectively applied to the development of a new process for the manufacture of raw titanium; and the work of the Metals Division, on the metallurgical problems arising in the fabrication of titanium, has made excellent progress. The Company's plants for the extraction and melting of titanium are now coming into full production, and we believe that this metal, which has certain outstanding characteristics, particularly for the aircraft industry, will prove to be of growing importance in a steadily widening range of applications.

Another project to which I wish to refer is 'Terylene.' You will have seen from the Report that our efforts on 'Terylene,' both organisationally and technically, as well as in the extension of production facilities, are proceeding apace; and there is good reason to believe that in the near

future this product will have a substantial place in our total business.

In addition, on our site at Wilton we are building a new plant for the production of nylon polymer, and the erection of the second oil cracking unit is well under way. Across the Tees the Billingham Division is expanding very substantially its capacity for the manufacture of ammonia, based on the Texaco process using heavy oil. These additions to existing manufactures alone will involve the expenditure of some £20m.

Turning to another aspect, I would call attention to the fact the Company recognises to an increasing extent its obligation to ensure that its manufacturing activities do as little injury as possible to the amenities of the localities in which it operates. As an example, I mention the efforts which the Alkali Division are making to avoid further additions to the waste lime beds which are such an unattractive feature of the ammonia-soda process.

Arrangements are now being made to dispose of this material in the underground cavities made by brine-pumping, and in the future we shall be able in this manner to dispose of the whole of this waste matter from our Cheshire alkali works and so to ensure that there will be no further additions to the unsightly lime beds, which are themselves being made less unsightly by growing grass on the slopes and breaking their monotonous outline by the planting of trees nearby.

As regards current trading, I am pleased to tell you that in 1955 we have so far experienced a period of great activity. The general level of both home and export sales is well above that of the corresponding period of last year. In fact, I do not think I can do better than repeat the words that I used to the stockholders last year and say that "So far this year the Company has enjoyed, in common with other industries in this country, a period of expansion, and the prospects are in general good."

This, of course, assumes that the very serious strikes which so gravely affect our national economy are not allowed to recur, and that our united efforts can be successfully directed to minimising, if not eradicating, the deplorable setback which the country as a whole has suffered.

On the other side of the account, I would tell you that the increased level of sales this year, to which I have referred, is due to some extent to production now coming forward from new plants which have recently been completed. Competition, particularly overseas, is strong but we are confident that, provided our prices do not have to be put up because of rising costs at home, we can meet this competition and make still further progress.

It is much to be hoped therefore that all concerned in these matters will realise the serious effect which further upward movements in wages, freight charges and in the price of fuel and other raw materials, may have upon the exports of this country as a whole.

THE BILLINGHAM POST

By Lionel F. Wharton (Billingham Division)

Two years ago I.C.I. pioneered the first fortnightly industrial newspaper in Britain. That newspaper, The Billingham Post, is now an established success. Here are some of the reasons why.

NEWSPAPERS—there are hundreds of them, morning, evening, weekly, bi-weekly. In Britain more newspapers are sold per head of the population than in any other country. Why, then, add to the many others? A new newspaper is always remarkable because it is a risky venture on an already flooded market, and unless directed to one section of the public or to a specialised interest it seldom survives.

The Billingham Post, now an established success, is one of the rare survivals, and the teething troubles of its first edition more than two years ago are forgotten. It was at that time the only fortnightly house organ in British industry produced strictly to newspaper form. Moreover, it was completely new to I.C.I., which already had its magazine and Divisional supplements. Although it displaced the Billingham supplement it did not set out as a magazine competitor, and it is a fact that as the sale of the *Post* has risen steadily within the Division, the sales of the *Magazine* have not been adversely affected.

The idea behind the *Post* is simple. Without some knowledge of what the other chap is doing and why he does it, there can be no mutual interest and often little mutual trust. The spreading of knowledge fosters the true community spirit.

That, in essence, is the primary role of any responsible newspaper. That is the role of *The Billingham Post*. In a small business this can be achieved by personal contact. In a large factory such as Billingham, with 16,000 staff and payroll, it is obviously very difficult. Men can so easily become isolated units, not knowing, not caring what the other fellow does.

In this mission the *Post* is not alone. It supplements in a very potent way Company and Divisional schemes to promote well-being, confidence and joint effort. It does not replace the pay-chit notice, the film or the notice-board; nor does it usurp the duties of management, works councillors or shop stewards.

But it is more than just a willing handmaid. It has an individualism that gives it a rightful place alongside the other works relations services. There is much information—what the journalist calls news—for which other channels are inadequate or unsuitable. There are stories about

people, their jobs, hobbies and personal achievement; about factory developments and new plant; stories about social life and unusual happenings such as a sudden flood that shut a factory down and marooned men in a pump-house. These are things that all should know quickly and truthfully.

But why a newspaper? First, a newspaper was asked for, although that in itself is not sufficient reason. Then, everyone reads newspapers but not everyone reads magazines, and anyhow there was a Company magazine already. People look to newspapers for the service they were planned to give, and newspaper style and treatment lend themselves so easily to the infinite variety that news demands.

Establishing *The Billingham Post* was no small undertaking. It had the same detailed planning as a new project in the factory. Trained staff were needed, for newspaper technique is not quickly or easily learned. There had to be contacts in the factory, and provision for co-operation on technical matters. Ultimately 250 correspondents were appointed and primed. Then there were production and printing. This was arranged with the publishers of an evening paper so that the finished paper was a newspaper.

The Billingham Post has now reached its seventy-second edition. News quickly overflowed the modest limits of the early four-pagers. Again the works and Division councils stepped in. The size was doubled, and still there is nearly always news to spare. Paid circulation has risen from around 3000 for the first edition to nearly three times that figure, and is still rising steadily. Requests come from all over the country for copies of it, and many go overseas.

The paper has a considerable public relations value, for about a thousand complimentary copies go out to pensioners, Company employees who are on national service, trade union officials, the technical and lay press, and many business houses who have asked to have it regularly. Another aspect of its public relations value is that it gets into the homes of employees, where many more read it than those who work in the factory.

Now it is not the only paper in I.C.I. The associated company in Australia started one some months ago, and the first edition of one for Nobel Division appeared last month.

28 BELOW

(Contributed by Wilton Works)

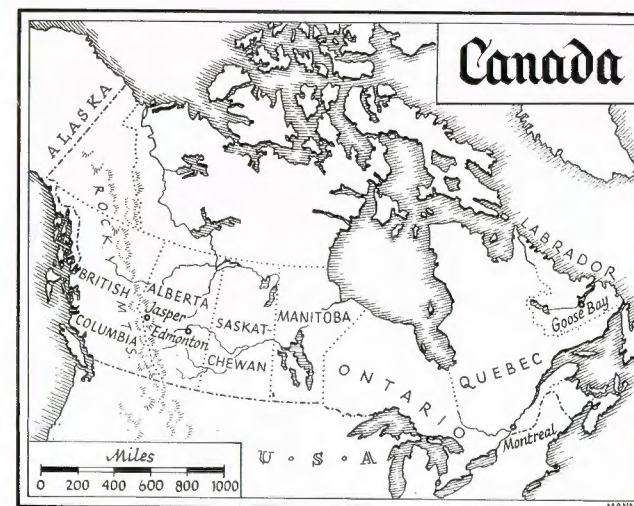
Last February four members of Alkali Division employed at Wilton visited Canadian Industries Limited in Canada. Low temperatures and high living standards combined to make a memorable trip.

IN the late evening of the last Sunday in February, four members of the Alkali Division sat after dinner at Prestwick Airport, drinking BOAC's brandy and smoking BOAC's cigars, while the captain of Stratocruiser *Cabot* waited for a satisfactory weather report in order to proceed to Montreal. J. E. Bacon and F. P. C. Coker of Wilton with David Anderson and A. G. Morrell of Winington were on the way to visit our friends Canadian Industries Ltd. at Edmonton, Alberta. We left at 11.30 p.m., destination Goose Bay, Labrador. During the long hours of darkness we blessed the hospitality of BOAC and renamed the aircraft "Stratoboozer."

Goose Bay is a barren, windswept sheet of ice used for refuelling transatlantic airliners as an alternative to Gander. There we had our first taste of arctic weather that tingles in the nostrils and makes normal English clothing feel like tissue paper, and our first (and last) taste of tea made with a tea bag. One member of our party found an interesting peep-hole into a R.C.A.F. hangar but was disturbed by a mountainous airman shouting "Say, fella! You got nose trouble?"

By the time we reached the stately Windsor Hotel in Montreal we had been travelling for over thirty hours and our watches had been put back five, so we were unfortunately not in the mood to enjoy the generous hospitality of our hosts at C.I.L. headquarters. The next day we completed our flight across Canada in a noisy North Star aircraft. It was a dark and clear evening when we reached Edmonton, and we could see as we dropped down into the airfield, now engulfed by the spreading city, that the "wild west" is a far cry from the wild west of the cinema.

We spent a month in this huge, glittering modern city. Our first impression was inevitably the climate—cold, dry, clear and calm. Two mornings after we arrived the



weather man announced on our hotel-room radio sets: "The time is seven forty-five, the temperature outside is twenty-eight below. Did you know that four out of five top Hollywood stars use —?" That day we went to the Hudson's Bay Stores and bought a motley collection of fur hats and ear protectors.

The material standard of living is high. Food is plentiful, especially thick juicy steaks. In a restaurant called the Steak Loft anyone who can eat a 72 oz. steak in one

hour can have it free! We did not enter this contest, but some of us added a little to our girth. Buildings and houses are heated by cheap natural gas, on fully automatic control. Every corner of every room is warm and draught-free, and there is never a frozen pipe. Huge American cars, pretty nylon blouses, fur coats and TV sets abound. We found the advertising on all radio and TV programmes nauseating yet insidiously effective. We found nothing of great beauty or interest in Edmonton, and no entertainment more serious than the cinema and ice-hockey. The nearest place of interest is the Rocky Mountains, 200 miles away, and there seemed to be a fairly widespread ambition to be "some place else."

The C.I.L. plant is small, and we missed the convenience of Piccadilly Restaurant, the works cars and office tea. Manpower is precious (and expensive). Ladders are fitted with non-slip feet because they cannot spare a second man at the bottom. We were constantly impressed by the cleanliness and tidiness of the plant.

We lunched with various members of the management at a sort of "pull-in for carmen." Sometimes we were joined by a process foreman, and were shaken one day when he drove up in a 1951 Mark VII Jaguar. He was shaken a day or two later when one of his operators bought a new \$4000 American car!



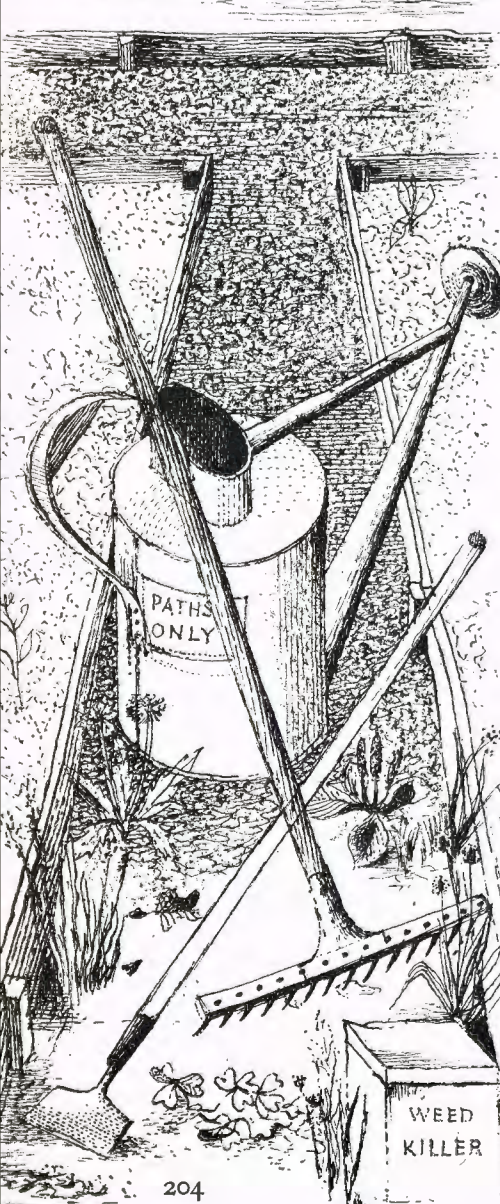
Garden Notes

By Philip

Harvey



Decorations by John Barker



THE old saying "one year's seeding leads to seven years' weeding" still holds good. The right time to deal with the weeds in your garden or allotment is before they have a chance to seed.

There are two main types of weeds. Annuals like charlock, goosefoot (fat hen), shepherd's purse, chickweed and groundsel; perennials such as couch grass (twitch or scutch), creeping buttercup, docks, knapweed and ragwort.

Annual weeds among flowers, vegetables, etc., should be tackled by regular hoeing in the seedling stage. On heavy, sticky ground care must always be taken to avoid removing too much soil with the weeds, especially when hoeing or hand weeding during rainy periods. Remember also that certain crops, notably raspberries and blackcurrants, produce a mass of surface roots, hence the need to avoid deep cultivation among such plants.

Never dig either annual weeds or the tops of perennial weeds into the ground. Admittedly they will eventually decompose in the soil, but this is a wasteful process. The absence of air delays decomposition, whereas on the compost heap most vegetable refuse, assisted by air and a rotting agent such as sulphate of ammonia, rots down by the natural process of fermentation.

Textbooks are always proclaiming the virtues of the compost heap, some insisting that plants grown in compost develop a high degree of resistance to fungus diseases and

insect pests. There is no denying that properly made compost provides a considerable quantity of organic matter for building up soil fertility, but anyone who thinks that putting a 2 in. mulch of compost round his trees will confer immunity from black spot, mildew or rust is living in a fool's paradise.

Last summer I mulched about 200 of my rose trees with moist peat. To test the claim that peat, like compost, induces disease resistance, I deliberately postponed the normal preventive spraying with 'Tulisan.' The black spot was very late in arriving and the first symptoms did not appear until late August. Within a matter of days a large number of bushes showed the familiar circular patches, until about 75% succumbed in varying degree.

I then sprayed every tree and was able to reduce infection to the minimum. The peat had, in fact, made little or no difference, the late appearance of the disease being due to the fact that all the roses were spring planted and carried no overwintering fungus spores. Infection came principally from spring and summer spores.

Peat is, as I have stressed in earlier articles, of definite value in conserving moisture during hot weather. It is also excellent for working round the roots of newly planted roses, shrubs, herbaceous perennials and fruit trees.

To return to weeds. The perennial types are naturally harder to eradicate, as many

increase by means of rhizomes or creeping underground roots, and any portions left in the soil form new plants. The roots usually take a long while to rot down if placed on the compost heap, but the tops decompose more quickly. The bonfire is usually the best place for isolated perennial weeds (I shall mention chemical means of destruction later).

Couch grass is often very troublesome on light, sandy soils. Do not bury the runners, as every little piece makes another plant. The simplest remedy is to bring the runners to the surface with a fork and heap them on the bonfire.

Ground elder is, I think, the worst of all weeds to eliminate. Pigs will soon clear ground elder, but this drastic remedy is hardly practicable in garden or allotment. Deep cultivation with persistent digging is the answer.

Bindweed produces long, somewhat brittle underground stems, and it is useless merely cutting off the tops. The trailing stems wind themselves round other plants, especially in herbaceous borders. You can, however, apply 'Verdone,' employing the "painting on" technique, to kill bindweed, nettles and other weeds in borders, orchards and shrubberies. Simply paint the leaves with 'Verdone' (1 fl. oz. in a quart of water), taking great care that none of the solution reaches surrounding plants, otherwise they will be damaged or even killed. Try to tackle bindweed before it becomes wrapped

round your flowers. This may sound laborious but it saves hours of back-ache, and gardeners in many parts of the country have eliminated bindweed, to take only one example, by this means.

Weeds on paths, crazy paving, etc., can be kept down by dusting with 'Atlacide.' This contains sodium chlorate plus a fire depressant, and the effects persist for many months. Remember that sodium chlorate destroys all vegetation and must never be allowed to drift on to lawns, borders, etc.

Summer pruning of apples and pears is often overlooked by amateurs in favour of the traditional late autumn or early winter cutting back. Winter pruning is intended to stimulate wood growth, whereas summer pruning encourages the formation of fruit buds produced on spurs or short side growths.

July is the best month for summer pruning, apples being usually ready towards the end of July, pears a week or two earlier. It is best to spread the job over say a fortnight, beginning with the most forward shoots.

When summer pruning apples, start with the early varieties like Beauty of Bath, Irish Peach and Worcester Pearmain, finishing with any late kinds you may have such as Cox's Orange Pippin, Laxton's Superb, Orleans Reinette and Sunset. Cut back some of the laterals to about five leaves from the base, but leave the leaders or main shoots unpruned.



Inn Signs

By J. L. Mayhook (Widnes Laboratory)

The names of the old inns of England, many so very curious and individual, have their origin deep in the past. Here an attempt is made to unravel the tangled threads of tradition and some fascinating stories are told.

THE inn sign is the principal survivor of the trade signs which have existed for centuries. In the past, when the ability to read was a rare accomplishment, almost every shopkeeper, merchant and tradesman announced his business by displaying an appropriate picture outside his premises; sometimes the merchant was fortunate in possessing a name which could be represented as a rebus, and this pictorial pun would then be included with his trade sign. Thus, a shoe—actual, model, or painted on a board—accompanied by a picture of a baby in a barrel could identify Babington (babe-in-tun) the boot and shoe maker.

From the fourteenth century inns have been obliged to exhibit a sign, but from time immemorial a bush, a bunch of grapes or a chequerboard has been used to indicate a drinking establishment. As civilisation developed and competition increased, these general signs no longer sufficed. To the general trade sign then was added an individual sign, as in the Grapes and Rose and Crown (Sudbury); but for the most part the general sign was either abandoned or relegated to a subordinate position, as is the case at the Methuen Arms at Corsham (Wilts), where two ancient chequer tiles decorate the doorposts.

Years ago, recognition of the sign by unlettered customers depended almost entirely on the skill of the signboard artist. Through poor drawing, ignorance, and perhaps humorous perversity, the Bear could in the course of a few years become quite firmly established as the Fig. When to this kind of misnaming are added the vagaries of dialect and where the union of two houses has resulted in their signs being quartered

or impaled, and the whole thing has gone on for centuries, it is small wonder that some perplexing and fascinating signs have developed.

Delightful theories have been advanced to account for some of the signs, and in this field it seems that the complex is often to be preferred to the simple. The Elephant and Castle is supposed to be derived from the Infanta of Castile; the Goat and Compasses has been harried out of God Encompasseth Us; and an attempt has even been made to associate the unequivocal Barley Mow with Bel Amour!

Signboard pictures are so involved that complete classification is impossible; but rough arrangements can be made, when it becomes evident that a large number of signs can be grouped as heraldic. Some blazonry may have appeared on inn signs as a result of the use of lodging escutcheons which every noble of the Middle Ages carried for display in front of the hostelry wherein he rested. The royal arms or the arms of a local lord were also an obvious as well as a tactful choice for a sign. Instead of showing the complete armorial bearings, the signboard was often simplified by using only a badge, a crest or a prominent charge on the arms.

Thus, the present White Hart perhaps began its life as the King's Arms, the king being Richard I or Richard II. The Swan, Lion, Boar, Falcon and Dragon were also royal badges. The somewhat rare sign of the Spotted Dog may perhaps more rightly be the Shrewsbury Arms, since the first Earl of Shrewsbury was John Talbot: a talbot was a hunting dog; and armorially, if not naturally, a talbot had spots on it. It is not impossible that the Pig and Whistle has



HOPCROFT'S HOLT
In memory of a famous highwayman. Near Steeple Aston, Oxon.



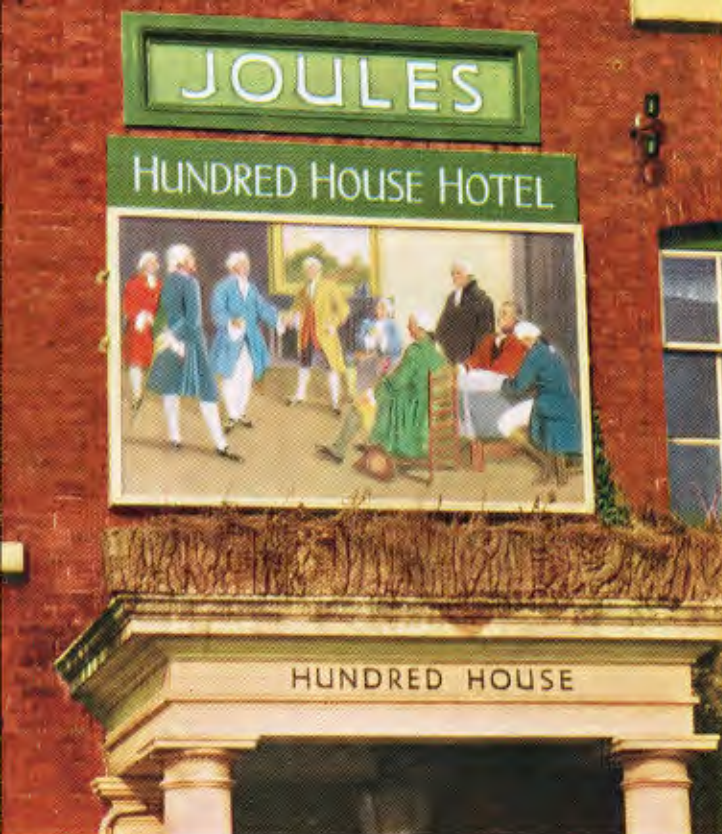
LYGON ARMS
Visited by King Charles I. Broadway, Worcs.



MYTTON AND MERMAID
Mytton saw mermaids and drank himself to death. Atcham, Salop.



RAM JAM
Perpetuates a lodger's cunning. Stretton, Rutland.



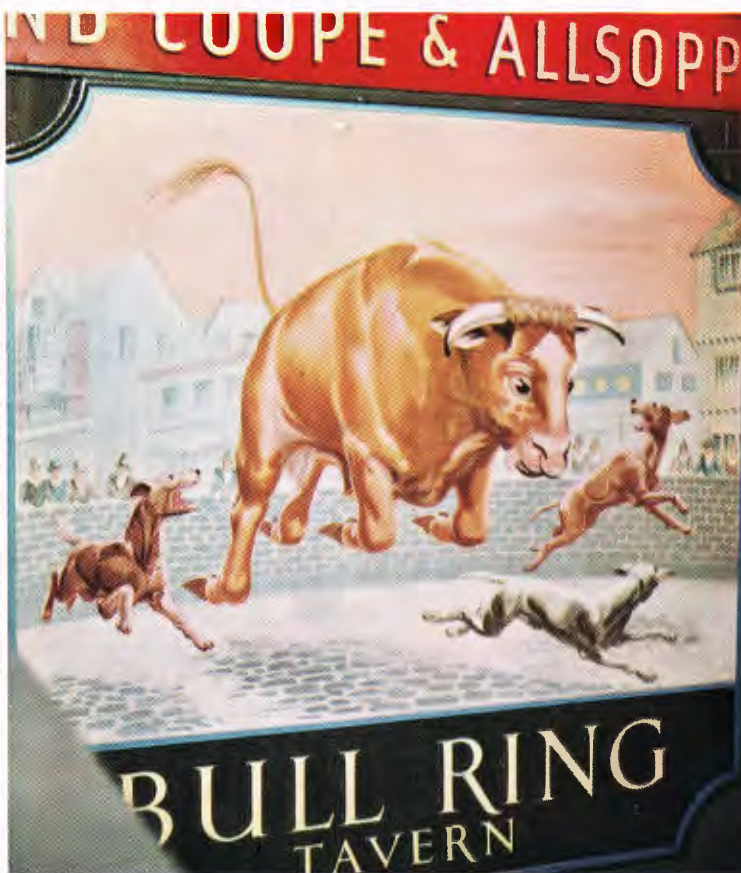
HUNDRED HOUSE
Local sessions house since 1300. Great Witley, Worcs.



TALBOT
Spotted dog is from Earl of Shrewsbury's coat of arms. Worcester.



THE BELL
At Stilton, Hunts. Stilton cheese first won fame here.



BULL RING
Faced bull-baiting ring in fourteenth century. Ludlow, Salop.

been derived, by way of the Bear and Ragged Staff, from the arms of Warwick.

The old craft guilds and livery companies have also contributed to signboard heraldry, but a more recent fashion of naming inns has left us with misfits like the Farmer's Arms, the Blacksmith's Arms and the Gravedigger's Arms.

Outside the heraldic group, other signs may be classified as religious, symbolic, animal (with monsters and sporting signs), vegetable (including trees and flowers), historic and commemorative, and humorous; but the allocation of a sign to a particular group can be most difficult. A sign which could be at once religious, commemorative and humorous is the unusual one of the Startled Saint at West Malling (Kent); the medieval Pilgrim's Way to Canterbury is nearby.

Then there is the commemorative and humorous sign of the Mytton and Mermaid at Atcham (Salop). The sign shows a mermaid popping out of a tankard of ale to confront and confound the imbibor, John Mytton, M.P., M.F.H., and local landowner, who died at an early age in 1834 after not being sober for seven—some say twelve—years. The house which bears this sign was developed by Clough Williams-Ellis as a half-way house between London and his experiment in grafting Italian architecture on to Welsh landscape at Port Meirion. An engaging notice at the entrance to this village welcomes the visitor like this:

That visitors to Port Meirion may be sufficiently discouraged and so kept to acceptable numbers a toll of 2s. per head has had to be imposed. To avoid it—please turn back here.

At the little village of Abbey Cwmhir in Radnorshire there is a small inn called the Happy Union, with a sign occupying an entire wall. It shows a jovial John Bull character riding on a goat, and may commemorate the Act of Union between England and Wales in 1536. Another historic sign—one which became a little bit tangled—is the George in a Tree at Balsall Common (Warwicks); it is a demonstration of loyalty by a landlord who was more fervent in patriotism than he was accurate in history. As a result, down from the Boscobel oak came Charles II and into it went a slightly mystified George III.

The name of the Ram Jam Inn at Stretton (Rutland) is said to be inspired by an Indian cocktail, but I prefer the story that it celebrates the ingenuity of an impecunious lodger who offered to show the landlady how to draw both mild and bitter beer from one

barrel. This attractive proposition interested the landlady, and down to the cellar they went. The lodger gimleted a hole for mild beer at one side of a barrel and asked the landlady for a spile to close the hole temporarily. She did not have one. The guest said words to the effect "Never mind, you *ram* your finger in this hole and I'll make a hole at the other side of the barrel for the bitter beer, then *jam* your finger against that while I run up for a couple of spiles."

So the landlady was left in the cellar embracing a beer barrel and the lodger, refraining from discussing his bill, made a peaceful and economical departure.

In some districts beer was served in locally made mugs, and quite naturally the public house or inn which dispensed beer in this way became known as a Mug House. On the banks of some parts of the Severn there used to be mug houses in which bargains for hauling the barges up the river were made over a mug of ale, so that a bad bargain was being "had for a mug." A house of this sign survives on Severnside North at Bewdley (Worcs).

Some other signs which are unique or are only infrequently seen are the Air Balloon at Birdlip (Glos); the Rake and Pikel at Saighton (Ches); the Morris Dancers at Scarisbrick (Lancs); Adam and Eve, appropriately enough at Paradise (Glos); the Bunch of Carrots, Hampton Bishop (Herefs); the Drunken Duck near Hawkshead (Lancs); and St. Peter's Finger at Lytchett Minster (Dorset). Topically, an Air Hostess has recently appeared, and a Space Man has now been accorded signboard honours; I have heard that there is also a Cat and Cracker, an allusion to a nearby catalytic cracking plant.

Inside an inn there is occasionally to be seen a peculiar notice, a card printed in black and red letters. Apparently very few of these cards remain—up to a few years ago there was one at the Elan Valley Hotel (Radnorshire), and not long ago I saw one at the Old New Inn at Bourton-on-the-Water. As mild wagers are sometimes made on a successful reading of the odd-looking message, it would be unfair to translate it here. It looks like this:

Heres' to Pa. Nds pen Das
O Ci alh OURin Ha! R. M.
Les Smi rT Ha? Nd fu nle Tf; r;
I e Nds HIPre ign B eju, St. an
D Kin, Dan Devil sPe, Ak of N. One.

Although this does not mean free beer tomorrow, it is nevertheless a happy thought on which to end.

Kentish Cricket

By J. W. Nicholls (late of Plant Protection Ltd.)

"Cricket in the summer sunshine on our Kentish grounds is to me the acme of English loveliness," writes the author. Perhaps he is prejudiced in favour of his own beloved county, but surely none can remain untouched by so much enthusiasm.

OF all the games played the world over, none has such a history or has become so woven in the fabric of a nation's character as cricket in that of the English. In Kent cricket is more than a game; it is a way of life and is played with a joyous determination that wins the respect of opponents and approval of spectators.

There is a story told by, I believe, A. R. Peebles of England and Middlesex, that when Frank Woolley was batting against the Australian Eleven at Canterbury and despatching their fast bowler to all corners of the ground with cover drives, leg glances and late cuts which sent the ball flying to the pavilion rails, the perspiring bowler asked his captain if it was all right for him to continue bowling at Frank's off stump. "All right?" replied the captain. "I should think it is—we're all enjoying it!"

Alas, we have no Frank Woolley in the eleven today, nor have we a Colin Blythe, Arthur Fielder, K. L. Hutchins or "Tich" Freeman, but in Godfrey Evans we have the greatest wicketkeeper in the world, who, as one rustic was heard to remark after a very smart stumping, "knows proper how to tickle de stumps"; while Colin Cowdrey, tutored in Tonbridge and "bearing his blushing honours thick upon him" will with Arthur Fagg, Peter Hearn, Phebey and Wilson cause many a bowler to feel the "heat and burden of the day" before they hear a rattle in the timber yard behind them. Cover points and mid-offs will need tough hands, for the ball comes swift and hard from their bats.

It is not, however, of individual players I would

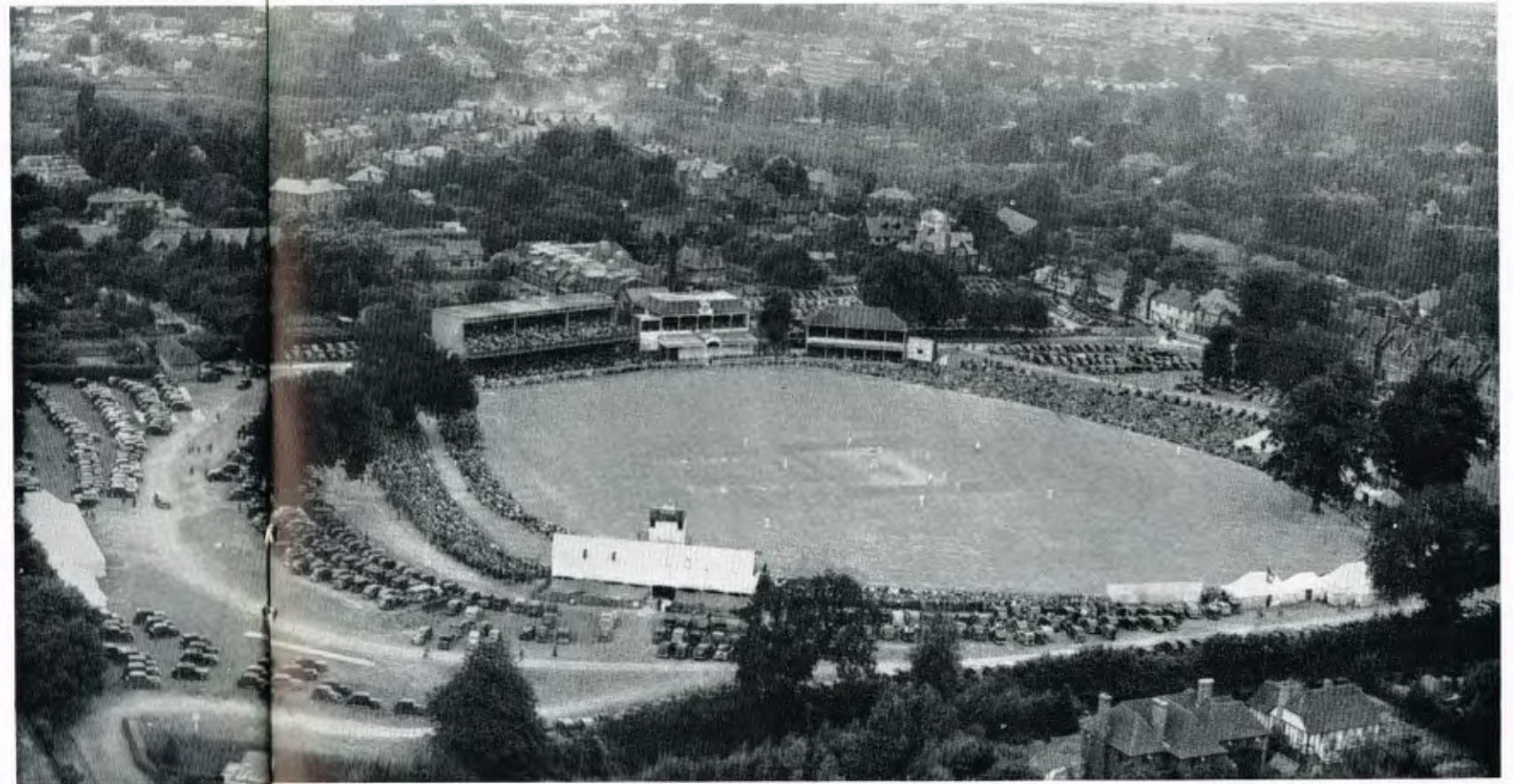
write, but of the lovely grounds on which they play during the Kent "weeks."

Next to the beauty of the Kent orchards in blossom time there is another sight of almost equal loveliness. It is to see the Kent or the opposing eleven take the field on a sunny morning during any of the "weeks."

The ground is gay with the beflagged tents of the local mayor, the Rotary Club, the Band of Brothers and other organisations connected with the county. A church spire rises above a clump of trees not far away, and from the top of the members' stand there is a view of hop gardens (not "fields"), orchards and pastureland. It is a beautiful setting.

Actually the Kent County Cricket Club owns only one ground, that at Canterbury. This is the St. Lawrence ground and is the headquarters of the club. In the long room the walls are covered with portraits of unforgotten stalwarts of the past years—Lord Harris and Alfred Mynn, Fuller Pilch, Alick Hearne. In showcases are the bats and balls with which mighty deeds were done; and alongside match cards of these big days.

At one end of the room is a very fine and somewhat remarkable painting of the field during a Kent v. Lancashire match, with Colin Blythe bowling to, I believe, J. T. Tyldesley. Whether the artist lost his perspective or whether he intended to pay a special compliment to the wiles of the crafty Colin is not



A view of the Kent County Cricket Club's ground at Canterbury

(Photo by courtesy of Kent Messenger)

known; but Tyldesley is painted taking guard with a bat of which the blade is at least twice the regulation width. No doubt he needed it, for our Colin could get under, round and even through the proverbial barn door. Colin Blythe was killed in action during the first world war, and the county have erected a statue to him just inside the entrance to the ground.

The first Canterbury week was inaugurated in 1842 and is now held annually during the first week in August. As in all other places where "weeks" are held the city is gay with bunting, and after play is over for the day there are theatrical performances by the Old Stagers Dramatic Society as well as carnival processions, firework displays and all the fun of the fair. In Prince Ranjitsinhji's famous *Jubilee Book of Cricket* it is recorded that in the subscription volume of *The Canterbury Week* published in 1865 the original prologue of 1842 was written and spoken by Mr. Tom Taylor (of *Punch*) dressed as a cricketer, who stated:

Your cricketer no cogging practice knows,
No trick to favour friends or cripple foes;
His motto still is "May the best men win,"

Let Sussex boast her Taylor, Kent her Mynn.
Your cricketer, right English to the core,
Still loves the best he has licked before.

There are four other grounds where Kent stages cricket weeks. These belong to the local clubs and are rented by the county for the week. They are the famous Bat and Ball ground at Gravesend; Mote Park, Maidstone; the Nevill Ground, Tunbridge Wells; and Dover. Each of these has its own particular charm and interest and must be visited to be fully appreciated.

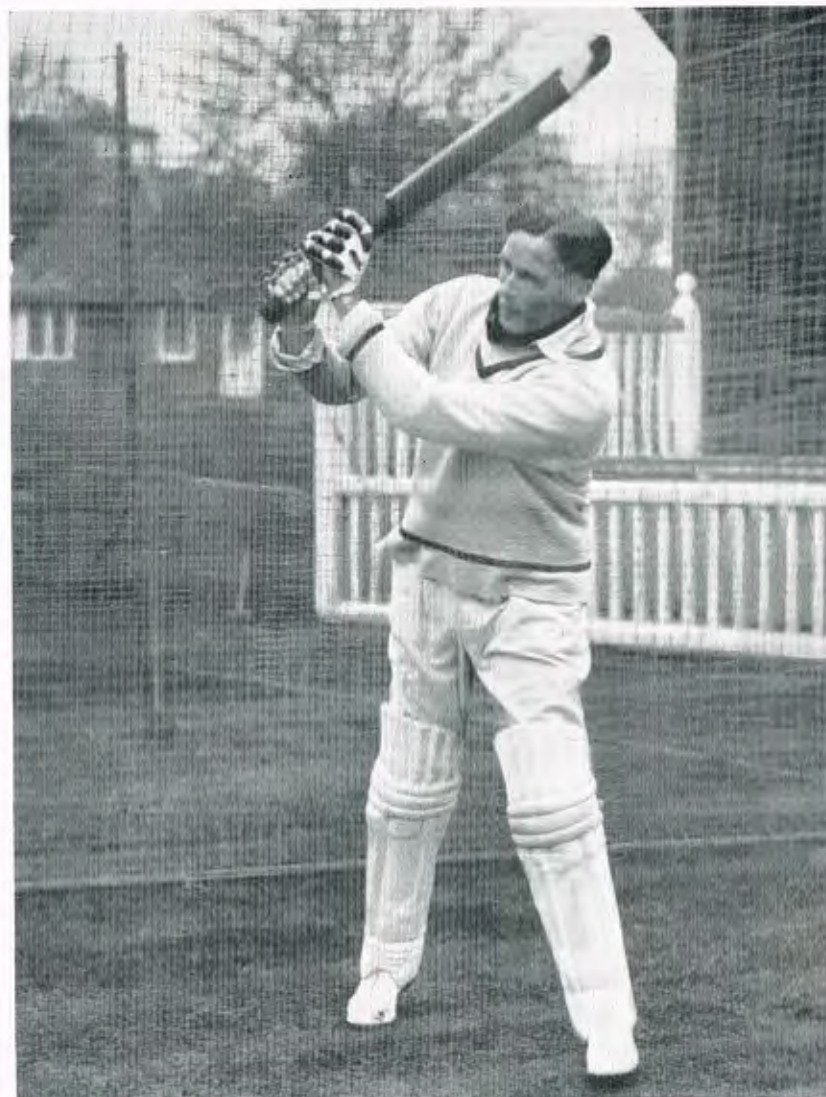
The Bat and Ball ground at Gravesend is one of the oldest in the long history of cricket. It is not as beautiful as the others but has an air of most delightful intimacy. Older members gather for what is usually the first "week" of the season to re-tell stories, tall and not so tall, over a pint of "Kentish hops" in the members' stand. Here once again are revived memories of Arthur Fielder's thunderbolts, Tich Freeman's cunning spinners and K. L. Hutchins' mighty hits. No story loses anything in the telling, and if a yard or two is added to the drive or imagination

lends a little extra speed to the ball that "knocked old so and so's castle over," who worries?

The Mote at Maidstone is an ancient and very beautiful home for "the lovely game with the lovely name." Being the county town, Maidstone really goes gay during cricket week. The whole town is festooned with flags. Last season a really smashing innings was played there. It was in the match against Northamptonshire. Jock Livingston of Northants went in just before lunch and by tea-time had scored 200 runs. He hit Kent's bowlers to every corner of the ground and out of it as well. Four boundaries in one over, a six and three fours in another, until a climax was reached when a player who seldom bowls was put on and was hit for 18 in his one and only over. Coming on top of the fast bowling of Frank Tyson, we really had the festive cricket for which Kent weeks are famous.

I have left the two most beautiful grounds to the last. The Nevill Ground at Tunbridge Wells reminds one of country house cricket at its best. And it is unique in that it is partly in Kent and partly in Sussex: players actually bat in Kent and field in Sussex. As one of the matches during the week is always against Sussex, every boundary and every wicket, almost every ball, is greeted with acclamation. For dry humorous comment nothing can surpass the talk of the locals with their sandwiches and their bottles of hops, stoutly maintaining that little Tich Freeman was every bit as good as Doug Wright and used to "make de ball spin like a humming top, so 'e did," while "Wally Hardinge was the best opening bat we've had for years" and what Woolley would have done to the Sussex bowlers is beyond belief.

And there he is, the master himself, chatting to friends in the members' enclosure—tall and straight as the bat he once wielded with such grace, hair curly, thick and grey, exuding that dignity which stamps him the natural gentleman we know him to be. Kent are indeed lucky to have Frank Woolley



FRANK WOOLLEY AT THE NETS. *A great all-rounder, he scored 1000 runs in one season twenty-eight times; and scored 1000 runs and took 100 wickets in one season eight times. Played in 64 Test Matches. Highest score was 305, playing for the M.C.C. against Tasmania in 1911. Retired in 1938.*

serving on the committee, and so are the players.

To the Dover ground belongs the right to be described as the most beautiful of all Kent cricket grounds, or so I think. It is a natural amphitheatre lying in the midst of hills and valleys of a loveliness that more than compensates for its lack of antiquity. When the air is warm with summer sunshine and braced with adjacent sea breezes, Dover Cricket Ground is indeed the place.

If I have written of cricket in the Kent "weeks" with an enthusiasm which seems a little excessive, I ask no pardon. Cricket in the summer sunshine on our Kentish grounds is to me the acme of English loveliness.

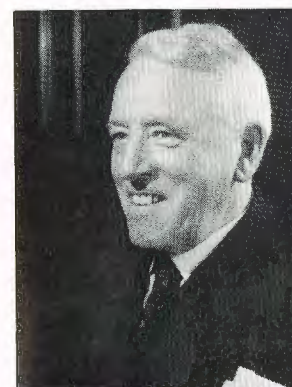
I.C.I. NEWS

KNIGHTHOOD FOR DR. ALEXANDER FLECK

Dr. Alexander Fleck, Chairman of I.C.I., was made a Knight Commander of the Order of the British

Empire in the Queen's Birthday Honours last month "for services to the Ministry of Fuel and Power."

Dr. Fleck was chairman of the advisory committee appointed to consider the organisation of the National Coal Board which published its report last February. Many of the committee's recommendations were later endorsed by the Government.



Dr. Alexander Fleck

Mr. T. C. Hamilton, deputy labour officer at the Ardeer factory of Nobel Division, received the M.B.E. for his services as vice-chairman of the British Legion (Scotland), an office he held from August 1952 until a few weeks ago. He has been chairman of the Ayrshire Area Council since 1940 and a member of the Scottish National Executive Council for 19 years. He is also chairman of the Scottish Industrial Sports Association.



Mr. T. C. Hamilton

MEETING THE RAIL STRIKE

The rail strike found I.C.I. Divisions prepared, as far as possible, with plans for using alternative means of transport for raw materials and finished products. Putting the plans into action called for special efforts from distribution and transport managers and their staffs, and road transport drivers undertook some unusual assignments.

Alkali Division, faced with the problem of delivering 300 tons of caustic soda liquor to British Cellophane Ltd. at Bridgwater, Somerset, assembled a special convoy of road tankers—20 of their own and 2 belonging to a haulage firm. British Cellophane usually receives deliveries by



A fleet of lorries brings coal to Billingham

rail, and the convoy's job was to refill I.C.I. rail tanks standing idle in the firm's sidings.

The vehicles, travelling together but well spaced out so as not to obstruct other traffic, set out on Saturday, 4th June. Bridgwater is 180 miles from Northwich, and the drivers worked a long week-end to accomplish the return journey in time to resume their ordinary duties without interruption on the Monday morning. British Cellophane kept their canteen open to provide the drivers with a hot meal, and their management expressed appreciation of the



The Alkali Division convoy to Bridgwater halts at a lay-by on the way

effort that had been made to replenish their supply of raw material.

General Chemicals Division managed to maintain bulk supplies to their customers by special trains of rail tanks, the first of which was despatched on the second day of the strike. One train to South Wales arrived at its destination in record time. Other customers were supplied by the intensive working of the road tanker fleet. All the Division's tipping lorries were continuously employed in collecting coal from local collieries. Mail and packages went by road, and employees were transported from Liverpool to Widnes and Runcorn by a fleet of coaches.

Deliveries of explosives to customers from *Nobel Division* were maintained satisfactorily, largely by intensive working of road transport at week-ends. At Ardeer working hours were staggered and employees normally using rail brought to work by buses.

Billingham, absolutely dependent on coal supplies, had an emergency plan ready to bring in supplies by road. More than 100 lorries were used, including about 60 switched from other duties. To deal with the lorry traffic, coal-handling methods had to be changed. The hoist to the boilers will only take rail-wagons, and all the lorries had first to be unloaded into wagons. Deliveries to customers were achieved by road, and with the exception of one or two products relatively small in tonnage all requirements were still being met in the third week of the strike.

NEW SAFETY TROPHIES

At Central Council in May Sir Ewart Smith, reporting on Safety in the Company, introduced two new Safety Plaques—the first a permanent trophy for winners of the I.C.I. Safety Cup and the second a smaller permanent trophy for works which achieved a record of 1,000,000 hours worked without a lost time accident.

Mr. H. R. Payne, Head of Safety Department, said the larger plaques would go to six Divisions and to Wilton Works, which had all won the Safety Cup on previous



The new I.C.I. safety plaques

occasions. There were sixteen works in the Company which qualified to receive the smaller trophy; they had completed a million working hours without accident on 42 occasions.

Dr. Alexander Fleck presented the Safety Cup to Mr. C. W. Wright, chairman of Wilton Council. It was the second time Wilton had won the award. "But," said Mr. Wright, "we are not going to rest content with our present performance."

Sir Ewart Smith said that for the first time the accident frequency rate had been reduced below unity. This was the objective the Company set itself just after the war, when the frequency rate was nearly 3. "We should be quite wrong," said Sir Ewart, "if we had any feeling of self-satisfaction about this." A new target of 0.5 had now been set—a figure already achieved by a number of Divisions. "If we really put the drive into this that I am sure we could do," said Sir Ewart, "I am quite sure that in a matter of a year or two we could cut the frequency rate down to 0.5 for the Company as a whole."

NEW 'TERYLENE' HEADQUARTERS

The new headquarters of the 'Terylene' Council at Harrogate was officially opened by Dr. Alexander Fleck on 14th June. The headquarters, on a 170-acre site a mile south-east of the town, comprise administrative, technical service and research buildings, designed by Mr. A. V. Montague to harmonise with their surroundings. Also on the site is the stone-built Crimble House, which is being converted into a hostel and staff club.



Dr. Fleck talks with Councillor Christelow, deputy Mayor of Harrogate

Speaking at the opening ceremony, Dr. Fleck said: "The opening of these new headquarters of our 'Terylene' Council marks the climax of the development stage of 'Terylene,' and when I refer to headquarters I am so glad to emphasise that these buildings are not only, or even chiefly, offices—they are research and service laboratories for small-scale work and laboratories which can tackle technical service problems. The people who work in them will by no means be chair-bound officers but will be in active contact with technical problems and working to make real technical contributions to the science and technology of the textile industry." Dr. Fleck included in his speech a tribute to the Mayor of Harrogate (who was

present) and the Borough, for all they had done to help the 'Terylene' Council to settle into its new headquarters.

Among the guests who were present at the opening ceremony and who were later shown over the headquarters buildings were representatives of the Calico Printers' Association, in whose laboratories 'Terylene' was discovered, and of the universities and textile manufacturers who had co-operated since the early days of 'Terylene' in its development and application.

ALKALI DIVISION

Still hoping for a Salmon

Mr. F. Thornton, of the Fuel Economy Section, Warrington, is a man who is determined to land a salmon. In April, for the second year running, he attended a course in salmon and trout fishing held at Grantown-on-Spey by the Scottish Council of Physical Recreation. But (also for the second year running) he failed to "grass" a salmon. Mr. Thornton is not discouraged. He feels that with the knowledge of fly-fishing he has gained it will not be long before he succeeds.

"I feel that a larger number of would-be fly-fishers would take advantage of these courses if they knew something about them," says Mr. Thornton.

The course costs £9 17s. 6d. for a week, including accommodation at a first-class hotel, board, and instruction on the Spey and Lochindorb. The chief instructors are Captain T. L. Edwards, the holder of the world fly-casting record, and Mr. Edgar May, the British champion.

Practical instruction alternates with demonstrations by the experts, lectures and films. Trout are caught plentifully, but the wilier salmon, in Mr. Thornton's experience, eluded all but the more experienced members of the course.

BILLINGHAM DIVISION

Family Service Saga

When Mr. Sydney Clark, a 35-year-old fitter on Oil Works By-Products Section Maintenance was presented with a 20-year award at a recent long service dinner at Billingham he became the owner of two I.C.I. long service watches.

They were the silver wrist watch he had just received from Mr. W. J. V. Ward, the Billingham Division chairman, and the gold pocket watch given to him by his grandfather, who received it more than twenty-five years ago in recognition of his 45 years' service with the United Alkali Company at Gateshead.

The presentation of the silver watch to Mr. Clark was the latest episode in a remarkable story of family service, for his father, Mr. Thomas Clark, is still at Cassel Works after 40 years' service at Gateshead and Billingham. His grandfather, Mr. Joseph Clark, was at the Alhusen Works at Gateshead from 1881 until 1930, and his great-grandfather, who also was named Joseph, worked there for about twenty years.

"My great-grandfather lived in a lodge on the old Alhusen Works site," says Mr. Clark, "and my grandfather often told me how Mr. Alfred Alhusen, the son of



Mr. Clark (centre) with his long-service award watch and the medal and watch belonging to his grandfather

the founder of the works, used to call there on his way to and from the factory.

"The factory stood in the middle of fields near the banks of the Tyne in those days, and Mr. Alhusen used to visit it in a pony-drawn trap.

"My grandfather was a foreman on shipping and despatch, and the gold watch he received for 45 years' service must have been one of the first presented after the merger of the firms which made up I.C.I."

Stockton's New Mayor

Mr. Eric Wiseman, an electrical fitter in Gas and Power Works, who was returned unopposed in the Stockton Borough Council elections, has been elected Mayor of Stockton. He has been deputy mayor for the past year.

Mr. Wiseman, who works in the Gas Electrical Section, has represented the Portrack and Tilery Ward since 1945 and during his service has been chairman of the Allotments and Accident Prevention committees.

He is secretary of the Stockton and Thornaby branch of Toc H and is well known for his interest in the welfare of old people.



Mr. Eric Wiseman

Fizz in Bulk

A new road tanker, which has been in use for several weeks, is the first to be used at Billingham for the bulk transport of liquid carbon dioxide, and its introduction is part of a new sales venture by the Division.

Some of the customers who buy Billingham carbon dioxide use it as a gas for carbonation processes, and they include brewers and mineral water manufacturers who use



Billingham Division's new road tanker for liquid carbon dioxide

it for putting the sparkle in their beer or the "fizz" in their lemonade. They buy it as 'Drikold.' This is the solid CO₂ made by Ammonia Works, and before the customers can use it as a gas they have to turn it into a liquid in liquefiers supplied by Billingham.

Some of these customers are now being offered bulk deliveries of liquid CO₂, and the first will be made in the near future to the Newcastle factory of the firm which makes the drink Tizer.

A new five-ton capacity storage tank assembled by Engineering Works is being installed at the factory, and this will not only enable customers to do away with the liquefying process but will allow them to hold much larger stocks of CO₂ than has previously been possible.

The work of building the road tanker, on a new chassis supplied by Foden, has been shared by the Commercial Works wagon shop and Engineering Workshops. It will carry a five-ton load at a pressure of about 270 lb./sq. in. and a temperature of - 20° C. and is fitted with a petrol-driven transfer pump for unloading.

It is insulated with fibreglass and clad with aluminium. It is also fitted with a system of relief valves, and road tests carried out by the Commercial Works Road Transport Section have shown that this will keep the CO₂ within the correct pressure and temperature limits on long runs.

Another five-ton tank is being built, and two more, of even greater capacity, should be in service by the end of this year.

DYESTUFFS DIVISION

Mr. W. E. Brown Retires

One of the best-known personalities in Blackley Works, Mr. W. E. Brown, retired on 22nd April after 37 years' service with the Company.

His long association with Works Council affairs made

him known to many people in the Division, and indeed in I.C.I. as a whole. He was a member of the first council at Blackley Works and attended the first Division Council in 1929. He served as a councillor for seventeen years and was chairman of the workers' representatives to the Blackley Council on very many occasions until he resigned from council work in 1952. In November 1950 he was elected chairman of the workers' representatives at Central Council. It is not surprising that Billy Brown is a wholehearted believer in the Works Council Scheme and remains firmly convinced of its extreme usefulness.

Born in New South Wales, he came to this country when he was 14 years old and served his apprenticeship with Cammell Laird. After seven years he went back to Australia, becoming a seagoing electrician and travelling the world in the merchant service. He returned to England during the first world war and joined the Company in 1919.

Fifty Years' Service

Mr. W. Priestley of Distribution Section, Huddersfield Works, completed 50 years' service with the Company on 13th April, and what is more he still has two years to go before retirement.

Mr. Priestley began work in 1905 at the Upperhead Row Warehouse of Read, Holliday & Sons Ltd., Huddersfield, and he remembers taking casks of dyestuffs to local customers by wheelbarrow and stencilling packages while they were en route to the station on a horse-drawn wagon.

In 1913 he was transferred to Holliday's new premises in St. Andrew's Road with the rank of chargehand. During the first world war he served in France in the Royal Army Service Corps and after demobilisation returned to Turnbridge Warehouse. He moved to the Dalton Warehouse, where he is still employed, when it was first opened in 1932.

For many years Mr. Priestley was a member of Huddersfield Works' first aid service and during the 1939-45 war was a squad leader in the factory's A.R.P. organisation. He also served for three years in the local division of the St. John Ambulance Brigade. His other interests include gardening, and he is a trustee of the Methodist Church at Paddock.

Mr. Priestley is one of the few people in the Company who have served through the transition period from 1915, when Read, Holliday & Sons Ltd. became British Dyes Ltd. This company in turn merged with Levinstein Ltd. of Blackley in 1919 to become British Dyestuffs Corporation Ltd., which in 1926 became the Dyestuffs Group of I.C.I.



Mr. W. Priestley

LEATHERCLOTH DIVISION

New Commercial Director

Mr. R. S. Little has been appointed to the Division board.



Mr. R. S. Little

Mr. Little joined the Company at Billingham in 1934 after leaving St. Andrews University. Apart from five years' war service as a territorial soldier he was concerned with chemical sales at Billingham, Liverpool, Manchester and Glasgow until he joined Leathercloth Division in 1949 as Deputy Home Sales Manager. He was made Commercial Manager in 1950.

Mr. Little is a family man, and his hobbies are reading, travel and tennis.

Dr. Fleck presents Long Service Awards

The chairman of the Division, Dr. A. E. Mitchell, and Mr. R. S. Little, recently appointed Commercial Director, were among the 47 employees who received long service awards on 27th May.

The awards were presented by Dr. Alexander Fleck, Chairman of I.C.I. In responding to the toast "Imperial Chemical Industries Limited," which was proposed by

the Mayor of Hyde, Dr. Fleck expressed his pleasure at being able to present awards personally as often and in as many places as possible, since this was one of the few opportunities of making personal contact with staff at all levels and provided a chance to say "Thank you very much for your help."

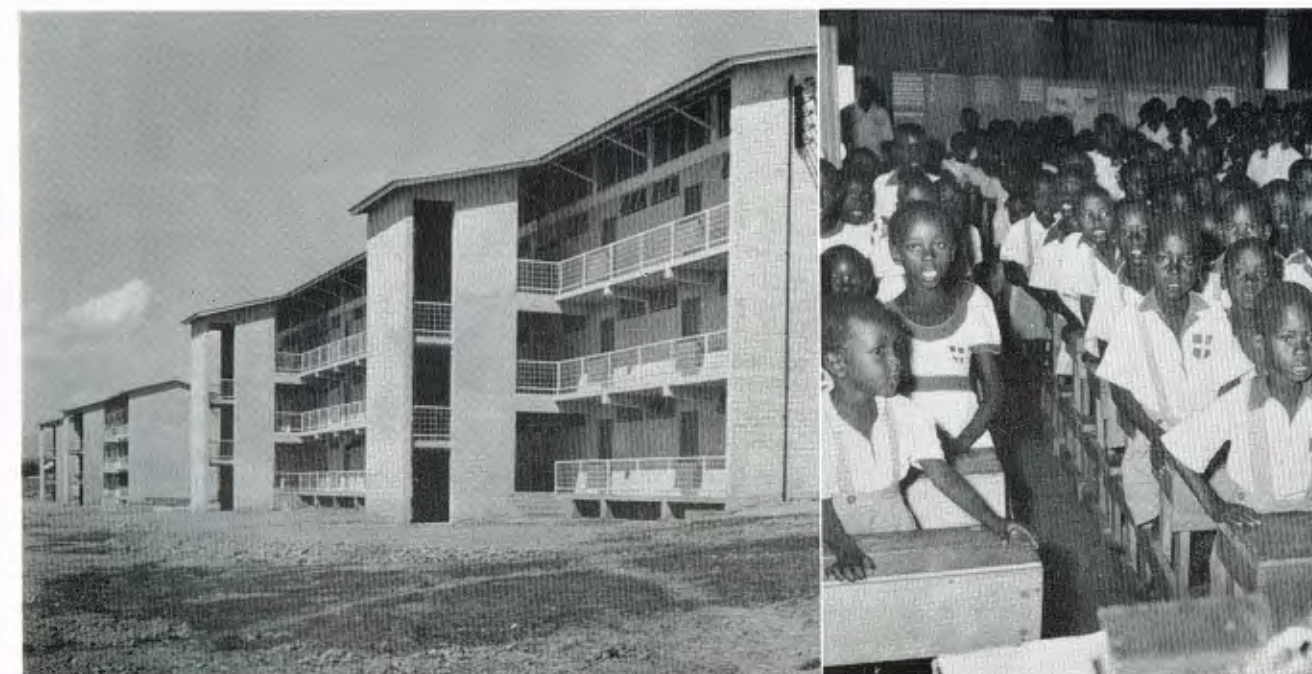
MAGADI SODA COMPANY

New Flats for Africans

The first-fruits of a long-term scheme to rehouse the employees of all races at Lake Magadi were reaped on 25th February, when the first four of seven blocks of flats for Africans were opened.

The opening ceremony was performed by Lady Crawford, wife of the Deputy Governor of Kenya, Sir Frederick Crawford, K.C.M.G., O.B.E. "This is an enormous undertaking," said Lady Crawford, "and I do congratulate the Directors on their foresight and courage, the immediate result of which is not only a fine block of flats for African employees and their families, but also a school and a church—both of which will help with the educational and spiritual development of this community."

Sir Frederick and Lady Crawford inspected all aspects of life at Magadi during their visit, and at a garden party at the General Manager's house they met all African employees with over 27 years' service, and all Asians and Europeans with over 20 years' service, and their wives. The visit ended with a dinner at the European Club. Sir Frederick expressed his admiration for the team spirit



Left: Two of the new blocks of flats for African workers at Lake Magadi. Right: Children in the African school.



Miss Kere Gilbert presents a bouquet to Lady Crawford on her arrival

prevailing among all races at Magadi and said he had been very impressed with all he had seen.

A particular point of interest about the new blocks of flats is that they have been designed with the assistance of the I.C.I. Architectural Section in London and built by the Magadi Soda Company with its own labour.

Each three-storied block contains 24 units planned to suit family or bachelor occupation. Accommodation for a family consists of two main rooms, a veranda, kitchen, shower and sanitary unit, with electric light throughout.

Each flat is designed for cross-ventilation and is set across the prevailing breezes. The "umbrella" roofs are the outcome of special study and were designed for the maximum coolness and economy. Their success is such that the top-level flats are as cool as any in the block—a rare event under tropical conditions.

Concrete blocks for walls and precast units forming structural floors were manufactured on the site, using crushed stone from a specially opened Company quarry and sand from thirty miles away. Structural steelwork was fabricated in the factory workshops.

When the buildings were under construction tubular scaffolding was erected, but the boards for walking on and the ladders for climbing up seldom appeared—the workers preferred to swarm up, down and along the narrow tubes.

METALS DIVISION

C.D. Exercise at Witton

"This has been by far the best Civil Defence demonstration I have seen in Great Britain since the war."

These were the words used by Major-General S. F. Irwin, C.B., C.B.E., chairman of the Civil Defence Joint Planning Staff, when addressing Civil Defence volunteers who had just completed the Industrial Civil Defence Review and Demonstration held at Kynoch Works on 21st May. He was speaking as the representative of the Home Secretary.

Teams representing the Civil Defence organisations of eleven industrial concerns and public utilities, including a team from Metals Division, took part.

The damaged area was on the fringe of devastation caused by a hydrogen bomb, ground zero being some miles away.

The Metals Division share in the demonstration emphasised the importance of emergency feeding. Various types of improvised oven were made to produce attractively cooked dishes, which included roast meats with roast potatoes, Cornish pasties and jam tart. The emergency feeding section was well attended by the various teams during the periods they were not demonstrating.

While specialist teams tackled the long jobs of repairing overhead power lines, telephone cables and a gas main,



Rescue work during the civil defence exercise at Witton

demonstrations of shorter duration were taking place: the use of stirrup pumps by teams of ladies and men; the bomb reconnaissance team locating, roping off and marking an area containing an unexploded bomb; rescue work from buildings, a basement, smoke- and gas-filled rooms; first aid to badly injured casualties requiring special handling in the course of rescue; the use of dogs for locating casualties buried in rubble; tunnelling, and the use of oxy-acetylene cutting apparatus.

The final item was a large fire, which was effectively dealt with by major pumps and crews from the fire brigades of five companies.

The number of volunteers taking part was 368, and they were watched by 400-500 spectators.

Youngest-ever J.P.

Miss Joyce Collins (Work Study Department, Allen Everitt Works) now has the unusual distinction of being a councillor twice over.



Miss Joyce Collins

Always interested in civil affairs, she has been a member of the Smethwick Education Committee since 1949 (when she was only 23), and a workers' representative on the National Insurance Appeals Tribunal since the inception of the scheme in 1948. Eighteen months ago she was appointed a J.P.—the youngest ever to sit on he local magistrates' bench.

At the municipal election in May she was elected to the Spon Lane Ward of the Smethwick Borough Council. And on the new works council at Allen Everitt Joyce will sit as a management representative.

Cup for Kynoch's

For twenty-five years a Kynoch Works junior football team has played in the Birmingham City Challenge Cup competition, open to teams under 18 years of age at the beginning of the season.

Excitement ran high when, for the first time, the Kynoch players this season reached the final. The match was played on Birmingham City ground on 28th April, when the Kynoch team was cheered on by three coachloads of supporters from Witton and many others who travelled by car and public transport.

The result—a 2-1 win for the Kynoch XI—gave everyone a great thrill, though in fairness to the losers it must be added that their centre-half had to leave the field early during the second half and thus they were severely handicapped. It was a very sporting game, and in the newspaper reports special mention was made of the Kynoch half-back line consisting of Douglas Beresford (captain), Ronald Henman (centre-half) and Harry Dugmore (left-half).

PLASTICS DIVISION

Billingham Boy at Windsor

Barry Walker, an apprentice electrical fitter, was one of eight representatives from Durham who took part in the annual St. George's Day parade of Queen's Scouts at Windsor Castle on 24th April.

With about a thousand other Queen's Scouts he attended St. George's Chapel, where the Scout Oath was repeated, and then took part in a march-past which was reviewed by the Queen.

Barry is a member of the 1st Norton Group and gained his Queen's Scout badge two and a half years ago, when he went to London to receive his badge from the Queen.



Barry Walker

SALT DIVISION

Transport Manager's Golf Success

For the second year in succession Mr. Frank Cooke, Division Transport Manager, has won the Bombardiers Golf Trophy.

The Bombardiers was a wartime group of about eighty people drawn from I.C.I. Divisions who supervised the manufacture of anti-tank missiles—at first the Blacker Bombard and later the PIAT. They disbanded in 1945, but each year since then have held a reunion which includes a golf tournament.

The trophy is a silver-plated PIAT missile, presented to the Bombardiers by their old leader, Captain Cowap.

THE REGIONS

Hon. President speaks at Glasgow

Lord McGowan, Honorary President of I.C.I., paid a visit to Scotland and Northern Ireland Region Sales Office in Glasgow recently while fulfilling various engagements in the west of Scotland.

After being welcomed by Mr. A. F. C. Speyer, the Regional Manager, Lord McGowan talked to the staff for some thirty-five minutes: about his early days in Nobel, his first experience of amalgamations in Canada some fifty years ago, and events leading up to the formation of I.C.I. He followed this with a masterly survey of trade conditions and future possibilities in every major market throughout the world.

On the lighter side of Lord McGowan's talk, these were two of the highlights:

"I knew South America well. What opportunities for a

sound administration in national affairs! Had I been offered a Government post there I should have chosen the Ministry of Health. Why? A doctor performed a minor service for me—the bill was for £1500! Do you think he got it?" Clearly the audience knew the answer.

"Have I told you of Willie Gallacher, honoured veteran worker in Ardeer? The day came when his foreman had to tell him that, much as his excellent service for fifty years was appreciated, under the Company's regulations he must retire. Willie's indignant reply shook more than his foreman. 'Retire? That's a fine way to treat a man! If I had known it was only a temporary job when I started, I wouldn't have taken it.'"

I.C.I. (BELGIUM)

Plastics on Show

A small overseas branch of I.C.I. does not often get the chance to make a splash, so I.C.I. (Belgium) S.A. readily welcomed the suggestion by Plastics Division that it should hold a special exhibition in Brussels to advertise the use of 'Perspex' in publicity.

Sabena, the Belgian airline, themselves anxious to publicise their magnificent new terminal building, offered to lend a room, and exhibits were assembled from Welwyn, Scandinavia, Holland and many of I.C.I.'s customers, both at home and in Belgium.

It is usual in Belgium to start functions of this kind with (translated literally) "a varnishing and a wine of honour." Mr. H. G. Watts, Managing Director of I.C.I. (Belgium), opened the exhibition by welcoming a gathering of about fifty guests, which included the British Ambassador, Sir Christopher Warner; the Commercial Counsellor, Mr. A. H. Tandy; Monsieur Boschloo, representing the Government; Mr. T. Lowe Ferguson, the president of the British Chamber of Commerce in Belgium; and many of I.C.I. (Belgium's) plastics customers.



The 'Perspex' Exhibition in Brussels

Mr. Archie Renfrew of the Plastics Division had faced the hazards of the air over the Channel to be present.

During the week the exhibition lasted it was visited by about 75 people per day. As it was on the second floor of the building it did not attract the mere sightseers, but only those who were really interested.

I.C.I. (EGYPT)

Cairo Win



This picture shows the soccer team from the Cairo Office, which won this year's match against the Alexandria Office. The score was 1-0. Last year the Alexandria team were the winners.

I.C.I. LIAISON, FRANKFURT

Tribute to Liaison Officer

Mr. F. A. Payne, who has been I.C.I. Liaison Officer in Frankfurt for the past six years, has been appointed overseas relations manager and financial adviser to the 'Lightning' group of factories.

On relinquishing his post in Frankfurt Mr. Payne received a tribute from Dr. W. A. Menne, president of the German chemical trade federation, the Verband der Chemischen Industrie. "May I express my sincere appreciation," wrote Dr. Menne, "of all the efforts you have made in the years after the war to re-establish friendly relations between the English and German chemical industry, thus contributing to a return to normal conditions."

Mr. Payne's place has been taken by Mr. J. B. Boyd, formerly of the Southern Region Sales Office in London.



Mr. F. A. Payne

Reductio Ad Absurdum

by A. S. Irvine (Alkali Division)

THERE comes a time in all our lives when a horrid realisation dawns on us—we are no longer the slim, athletic godling that used to dazzle the eyes of all and sundry on the local tennis courts.

We may, of course, have been told so many times before, but we have never believed it. Then, at last, something happens that drives home the ugly truth: our chests have slipped.

My awakening came to me perhaps sooner than to many, because I am a keen swimmer. One day a kind friend gave me a photograph of myself in full flight off the diving board. Merciful heavens! Was *I* that flying fortress coming in to land with the bomb doors open? There was no doubt about it—alas!

The next day I snapped viciously at the sausage and mash that the club had offered up for lunch, staring at a colleague opposite. He was an arrant starveling: his coat hung about him in folds, but in one way or another he ate, that lunchtime, nearly four times the carbohydrate that I managed to stuff down. But he remained, as always, an arrant starveling.

A few weeks later, a holiday in the warm and sunny south of France became more than just a fascinating dream. So down into the bottom drawer I delved, salving the gay shorts and briefs—relics of a sunny honeymoon at the Cap des Sardinaux some seven years before. Gradually the hideous truth dawned; gradually a sneaking suspicion became a certainty: there was no getting a quart pot into pint pants.

Then came a rush to visit the local market town,



... a horrid realisation ...

where a branch of a famous London outfitter had just started up with a fanfare of fittings. But there I was met with a tired and rather pitying smile. "Oh no, sir, not *your* size! Forty-seven chest, perhaps . . . but the waist, sir! And the hips—oh, the hips!" Sadly I slunk home and chucked the *Guide Michelin* back into the bottom drawer.

There was still just one hope left—dexadrin. But how to get it without perjuring my soul? I would see the family doctor.

So the next time my guide, philosopher, and friend poked his nose round the door about gin-time on his way back from the surgery I bade him put on his stethoscope and come and talk shop. I explained my case; I asked advice; I pleaded; I cajoled; I even threatened; but all to no avail. Easing his portly form still deeper into the cushions that I had spread for his comfort, he lectured me. I instanced the arrant

starveling of a previous lunchtime—he knew him well. But no good; the answer was just the same.

"You're just like a Hereford—a good do-er. There's only one thing for it: eat about half what you are doing now and as much lean meat as the butcher will let you have. . . . No, I won't give you dexadrin—it's only a substitute for a strong mind and doesn't do you any good in the long run. . . . No, controlled starvation is your only course. . . . It isn't worth while? Well, it's your choice; it's the price you pay for productivity applied to metabolism."

Of course I tried it, and of course it was a miserable failure. My first attack was to cut out lunch. But come lunchtime, go where I would, there was always the smell of dishing up that set me drooling. It was no good going to lunch at the club and pecking, because however much or little I ate the price was just the same. And when I came home at night, the corners *had* to be filled with some sort of wodge . . . and there was always a fresh loaf to hand. So that was that: there is just no doubt that controlled starvation is simply the modern equivalent of flagellation and hair shirts—not the approach to a holiday of idleness, luxury, and much swimming.

Then I had a brainwave: once, for three months odd on an Arctic expedition, I had lived on compressed rations that nourished me beyond measure but that left the folds of the mesentery flapping idly together for most of the twenty-four hours. My companions and I had discussed the self-same problem and had decided that, if printer's ink were not poisonous, a page or two of a daily paper would supply all the roughage that we needed—if we only had a daily paper. Actually I did then have a copy of *The Times* some five weeks old: it had kept me amused for four of them trying to finish the crossword. That and some packing from the theodolite (slightly oily) was the sum total of our roughage. The experiment was not a success, but the lesson was there—adapt this principle to modern products, and there we are.

I read all the advertisements and went out and bought the stuff. Stacks of attractive cartons cluttered the kitchen; roughage of every sort winked at me through waterproof polythene packets; slimness smiled at me from waxed paper. But all this wonderful protein-enriched, starch-reduced, super-branned, overbaked, underfatted collation had one thing in common—it lacked the very quality that would have lifted the ingredients above the level of the back page of *The Times*. From first to last these products had

no taste, or, if any, the taste was enough to make you never want to be thin again.

Bran tastes like bran however it is dished up, and roughage tastes worse—except when it doesn't taste at all: then it sticks to the roof of your mouth or whirls in flaky eddies up behind your nose. Some of the bread substitutes could be eaten only when smothered in butter—but that was hardly playing the game—while a substitute salad dressing made with medicinal paraffin reminded me of sucking hot French petrol through a choked carburettor many years before.

No, the fate of the good do-er is a hard one, and no one seems to have taken pity on him. Perhaps it is envy on the part of the poor do-ers. Perhaps it is peevishness on the part of the doctors, who since the dawn of time have been quite unable to deal elegantly with the four prime evils that beset mankind, of which the common cold and obesity are two.

So now is the chance for some of I.C.I.'s go-ahead scientists to come to the rescue of the good do-ers that want to cut good figures on the beaches.

Search the world for a left-handed starch that makes perfect loaves, rolls, and toast and lovely cakes and pies but that is hardly absorbed at all by the best of us! Search the shelves of your laboratories for a butter flavour that will convert vaseline into a delightful, un-nourishing spread! Extract from seaweed and cotton some substance that will stretch one egg into a six-egg omelette, or emulate a fine but unassimilable cheese. Grow for us something that we can eat with relish and that stuffs our bellies to repletion but that lets us starve, if we so wish, on our very feet. Then you will have done well for the majority (by weight) of your fellow men, and will earn far more fame and wealth than those that merely urge us to be strong-minded.

In the meantime—does anybody know where I can get a bathing costume with 46 inch—er—hips?



... "Oh no, sir, not your size"



"Ennui"

Photo by Dr. K. R. Payne, (Dyestuffs Division)